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MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

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THE BULLETIN.

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ROSS & ROSSER.

Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, - - NOVEMBER, 19

For the Bulletin.

To One Who Will Understand.

Yes! the farewell word is uttered,
All those happy hopes are o'er,
Memory's dearest chords are broken,
They can gladden me no more;
Then how vain are all the throbbings
That are shrouded in a sigh;
Vain still, the thought I cherished,
'T would grow brighter, by and by.

Soon, how soon, each token perished,
With the love which once was mine,
While in anxious dreams I fancied, still
I clasped that hand of thine;
Or I heard the voice whose accents
Once the loneliest hour could cheer;
Sweetest face 'round friendship's altar,
Sweetest smile to memory dear!

Never more! those smiles will greet me
All of joy has turned to pain;
Do not bid me hope, 'twere better
That we should not meet again;
For full well I know that's brother
Pledges registered on high—
Thou wilt seek to banish sorrow,
When some other form is nigh.

But ah! one little image, will be
Present day and night;
One little face will tell thee, of the
Days which once were bright;
Thou wilt seek in vain to banish
What must oft remind me, of
As those little hands are folded,
And that face looks up to thee.

Oh! I do not like such parting,
Much I wish it were not so;
Not a ray of comfort wafted,
Or a kiss before I go;
And I shudder now to write them,
Words each heart throbs sorely try,
As I hear the cheerless echo, of
A sad and last good bye!

RICHARD H. LEE.

Mayville, Nov. 11th, 1863.

The Weight of a Tear.

A pair of scales before him, a rich man sat and weighed
A piece of gold—a widow's all, and unto her he said
"Your coin is not the proper weight, so take it
back again,
Or sell it me for half its worth; it lacks a single grain."

With tearful eyes, the widow said, "Oh! weigh it,
sir, once more;
I pray you be not so exact, nor drive me from
your door."
"Why see yourself, it's under weight; your tears
are no avail."

The second time he tries it, it just bears down
the scale;
But little guessed that rich man, who held his
gold so dear,
That the extra weight which bore it down had
been the widow's tear.

A man is taller in the morning than
at night to the extent of half an inch, owing
to the relaxation of the cartilages.
The human brain is the twenty eighth of
the body, but in the horse but a four hundredth.

Ten days per annum is the average sickness
of human life.
About the age of thirty-six the lean man
generally becomes fatter and the fat man leaner.

Richter enumerates 600 distinct species
of disease in the eye.
The pulse of children is 180 in a minute;
at puberty it is 83; and at 60 it is only 60.

Elephants live for two hundred, three
hundred, and even four hundred years. A
healthy full-grown elephant consumes
thirty pounds of grain a day.
The flea, grasshopper and locust jump
200 times their own length, equal to a
quarter of a mile for a man.

There are but two ways which lead to
great aims and achievements—energy and
perseverance. Energy is a rare gift—it
provokes opposition, hatred, and reaction.
But perseverance lies within the reach of
every one, its power increases with its progress,
and it is but rarely that it misses its aim.
Where perseverance is out of the question,
there I can not attempt to exert any influence
at all, for I should only disturb the organic
development of affairs, and paralyze the
natural remedies which they contain, without any
guarantee for a more favorable result.—Goethe

A cockney tourist met a Scottish lassie
going barefoot to Glasgow. "Lassie," said he,
"I should like to know if the people in
these parts go barefoot?" "Part on 'em do,
and part on 'em mind their business," was
the rather settling reply.
Somebody says that cream upon milk is
the only article which has not risen of late.

Josh Billings in the Editorial Chair.

Having an hour or time yesterday, that
wanted spoke for, I dropped into the sanctimony
of 'The Dala Pokesian.' The good looking
editor of the consarn was both 'non est
on handibus,' and I sunk into the exa
cheer, just as calm as a moss kivered bucket
sinks into a well on a hot day. On the ta
ble before me, la a rol of manuscript, and I
ced o myself, 'go in and repli.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.
'Lines to a sleeping infant, Bi Alice,' re
ceived. Dha are tender, almost to tender
to keep thru this hot spel. Yu have talons
of the highest order, but you must kross
your t's or you kant succed in potir; good
bi Alice.

'Reveries or Bachelor,' Anonymous. Re
ceived and contents noted. Thar is only
one trouble with this production, which
time will correct, and that is, wout du at
all for one column; respectfully declined
(On the part of the editors, by J. B.) on
account of its length and thickness.

'The sea, the roaring sea.' A sublime
stanza, worth a least 7 dollars, intended
undoubtedly for the Atlantic Monthly, and
cent to us by mistake; we wud like to ex
cept it but dassent for fere folks woud say
we stole it.

'Will you kiss me Dearest,' Bi Mary Ann.
Ackeeped. We take all them kind ov
chances. The potri aint fast rate, but we
expect the kissin kant be beat, till then
fair Maid aiew.

'A geological synopsis ov the heav
enly seas.' Bi Paul Vernon—Will ap
pear in our nex iss. This writter haz at
tacked a subject ov great diffikly, with
the biggest kind ov energee, and has suc
ceeded, his thesis is admirable, his argu
ment is clus, and his stile is camphene.

We say 'Mount Vernon, on eagle wings be
yond the clouds, and paint your aim rito
over the top of the door that leads to glory.
Mount Vernon, my boy! We predick
grate popularity for this writter if he aint
kut up by frost.

'A Pray on fire,' Bi Diogenes—Rejeet
ed at onet. Too hot for the sezon—cool ar
ticles take the best now. It made me swet
to read the manuscript. Dont despair, Di
ogonex—if you find literature aint your
stile, try sawin wood; ive nown hundreds
ov men make a dust sawin wood, who
wasnt with a cuss to write for the nusepa
per.

Packing Apples in Leaves.
A few years ago Mr. J. W. Boynton, of
East Hartford, while gathering up leaves
under an apple tree, in the spring, ob
served beneath them a few fresh, unfrozen
apples. It suggested at once that dry
leaves would answer well as packing mate
rial for fruit, and the next fall, and every
season since, he has used them for this
purpose. We saw a few days ago some
specimens thus preserved, seemingly as
fresh and as piquant in flavor as when first
gathered; yet he assured us that they were
varieties that would have decayed months
ago if unprotected. His plan is to pick the
apples carefully at the proper time, but not
to pack them until the leaves are perfectly
dry and the weather quite cool. Then the
apples and leaves are placed in alternate
layers, and the last layer of leaves covered
in as close as possible by placing any con
venient weight on the cover of the barrel.

The leaves are of such elasticity that the
whole may be compressed so tightly as to
prevent any slackness, &c., &c., and yet
not bruise the apple in the slightest degree.
In this latitude, Mr. Boynton has never
found it necessary to keep these barrels of
fruit in any place warmer than a shed. It
would be advisable, of course, everywhere
to keep them in as cool a place as possible.
In the spring they are to be removed to a
cool, airy cellar, or to an apartment espe
cially for fruit, in connection with the ice
house.—Homestead.

A Word for Mr. Stanton.

The Philadelphia Press of yesterday
publishes the following:
WASHINGTON, October 14.
To John W. Forrey Esq:
Thanks for your telegram. All honor to
the Keystone State! She upheld the fed
eral arch in June, and with steel and can
non shot, drove rebel invaders from her
soil; and now, in October, she has again
rallied for the Union, and overwhelmed
the foe at the ball's box.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
The above contains a statement and an
imputation, the other a slander. It is not
true that the Pennsylvanians drove back
the invaders from their soil last June with
"steel and cannon shot." The capital of
that State was saved by the timely presence
of troops from the Democratic City of New
Jersey, before the Pennsylvanians had
mustered a single regiment for its defense.
What little fighting subsequently occurred
in the State was done by these, and not the
troops of the Union. It took the whole Army
of the Potomac to drive the invaders back.
Under Curtin's management a couple of
regiments of rebel cavalry could have
sacked Philadelphia and overrun the State
were no other troops near by to save it.

So much for Stanton's statement of a
historical fact. His imputation that the
Democrats who voted against Curtin are
"foes to the Union" is a gross and cowardly
slander as unwise as it is malignant and
base. What a consummate folly it is for a
Cabinet Minister to proclaim to the world
that half the people of the North, as well
as all the people of the South, "are foes to
the Union!" The real foes to the Union
are the heads of the party now in power.
Their advent to office was the signal for
the breaking up of the government, and un
til they go out of power we can expect noth
ing but war, debt, national disintegration,
and disgrace.—New York World.

A fox, just returned to England from a
continental tour, was asked how he liked
the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well,"
was the reply; "they are so dreadfully out
of repair!"
Woman has this great advantage over
man—she proves her will in her lifetime,
whilst man is obliged to wait till he is dead.
—Punch.

Tecumseh's Eloquence.

Clairborne, in his life of Gen. Samuel

Dale, says:
I have heard many great orators, but I
never saw one with the vocal powers of
Tecumseh, or the same command of the
muscles of his face. Had I been deaf, the
play of his countenance would have told
me what he said. Its effect upon a wild
superstitious, untutored and warlike assem
blage may be conceived. Not a word was
said, but stern warriors, the 'stoics of the
woods,' shook with emotion, and a thou
sand tomahawks were brandished in the air.

Even the "Big Warrior," who had been
true to the whites during the war, was, for
the moment, visibly affected and more than
once I saw his huge hands clutch spasmodi
cally the handle of his knife.—All this was
the effect of delivery, for although the
mother of Tecumseh was a Creek, and he
was familiar with the language, he spoke
in the Northern dialect, and his speech was
afterward interpreted by an Indian linguist
to the assembly. No one has or can do
his speech full justice, but I will repeat
the substance of what he said, and almost
his very words.

TECUMSEH'S SPEECH.
In defiance of the white warriors of Ohio
and Kentucky, I have traveled all through
their settlements, on our favorite hunt
ing ground. No war-hoop was sounded
but there is blood on our knives. The pale
faces felt the blow, but know not whence
it came.

Accursed be the race that has seized our
warriors. Our fathers, from their tombs,
reproach us as slaves and cowards. I hear
them now in the wailing winds.

The Muscogees was once a mighty peo
ple. The Georgians trembled at their war
whoop, and the maidens of my tribe on the
distant lakes, sung the great deeds of your
warriors, and sighed for their embrace.

Now your blood is very white—your tom
ahawks have no edge—your bows and ar
rows, are with your fathers. Oh! Muscogees,
brethren of my mothers, brush from your
eyelids the sleep of slavery—once more
strike for vengeance, once more for your
country. The spirits of the mighty dead
complain. The tears drop from the weep
ing skies.

Let the white race perish.
They seize your land, they corrupt your
women—they trample on the ashes of your
dead!

Back, whence they came, upon a trail of
blood they must be driven.
Back! back, ay, into the great waters
whose accursed waves brought them to our
shores!

Burn their dwellings! Destroy their stock!
Slay their wives and their children! The
red man owns the country and the pale
faces can never enjoy it!

War now! War forever! War upon the
living! War upon the dead! Dig their
corpses from their graves! Our country
gives no rest to the white man's bones.

All the tribes of the North are dancing
the war dances. Two mighty warriors
across the seas will send us arms.
Tecumseh will soon return to his own
country. My prophets shall tarry with
you. They will stand between you and
the bullets of your enemy. When the
white man approaches you, the yawning
earth shall swallow him up.

Soon you shall see my arm of fire stretched
athwart the sky. I will stamp my foot at
Tippecanoe, and the very earth shall shake.

War Times.

A speaker at a recent meeting in Penn
sylvania, presented to his audience the fol
lowing picture of the society produced by
the war:
"Grief may shed its bitter tear in the sil
ent chamber, poverty may starve in his hid
ing-place, the patriot may mourn, but no
grief nor fear nor feeling seems to dwell in
the public mind or touch the public heart.
This year has been wild with fashion, hila
rity and show. Our Northern cities
eclipse the past in gorgeous dissipation;
more diamonds flash in the glare of the
gay saloon; dinners balls and masquerades
in ostentation and luxuriance, turn mid
night into day; prancing steeds and gaudy
equipages, carry light headed loveliness
through all the drives of fashion—stores
where jewels, pearls and precious stones,
and the rich goods of Europe and Asia are
exposed, are crowded with purchasers, and
have double sales, though gold touches a
premium of seventy per cent, speculators
in stocks make fortunes in a day, palatial
stores and marble dwellings are springing
from the earth on every side; resorts of
amusement were never so numerous and
never so crowded; prize-fights excite for a
time more interest than the battles of the
Republic; thousands of dollars are staked
on the favorite of the race; gambling hell
is wide open to entice to infamy the young;
crime is fearfully on the increase; the law
grows impotent and men who have by the
basest means defrauded the laborer, the
widow and orphans hold high their heads,
and go unwhipped of justice.

"WEAVER FEEL!" Funny things will
find their way into the papers, in spite of
the fear of bombshell Shenks. Under the
above caption an Illinois paper says that
not long ago a party of revellers were arrested
in Baltimore for "damning the goose that
grew the quill that made the pen that
wrote the proclamation of emancipation."
This "damning the goose" was considered a
high crime by the military officials in Bal
timore. But it now appears Old Abe him
self was guilty of a similar crime when (as
the faithful Edward Corberus at the White
House, announced the arrival of Mr. Drake
and his fellow Jacobins from St. Louis) the
President arose to his most commanding al
titude and gave utterance to that remarka
ble and destined to be ever memorable
though somewhat laconic expression—
"Damn Drake!"

General Schenck should see about it.—
Ohio Statesman
A violent republican in Hartford, Ct.,
met a Democratic coal dealer on the street,
and asked the price. "I suppose your coal
is loyal?" queried the radical. "Well it's
black enough—if that's what you mean," re
joined the other.

An Abolitionist Photographed.

The annexed passage, by Dr. Holland,
one of the editors of the Springfield (Mass.)
Reduction, very aptly describes that class
of men, unfortunately for the peace and
welfare of society, numerous enough in our
country to direct the counsels of power for
the time being. How many in our commu
nity have sat for the picture?

"The whole time of professional agitators
and misceled reformers are men of one idea,
That these men do good, sometimes direct
ly, and frequently indirectly, I do not deny;
and it is equally evident that they do a
great deal of harm, the worst perhaps falls
upon themselves. Like the charge of a
cannon, they do damage to an enemy's
fortifications, but they burn up the powder
there is in them and lose the ball. Like
blind old Sampson, they may prostrate the
pillows of a great wrong, but they crush
themselves and the Philistines together.

The greatest and truest reformer that ever
lived was Jesus Christ, but all the differ
ence between His broad aims, universal
sympathies, and overflowing love, and the
malignant spirit of those who angrily beat
themselves to death before an instituted
wrong! As an illustration, look at those
who have been the prominent agitators of
the slavery question in this country for the
last twenty years.—Are they men of char
ity? Are they christian men? Is not invective
the chosen and accustomed language of
their lips? Do they follow those who
against whom they have opposed them
selves, whether for good cause or otherwise,
into their graves with fiendish lust of
cruelty, and do they not delight to trample
upon great names and sacred memories?

Are they men whom we love? Teachers
of toleration, are they not the most intoler
ant of all men living? Denouncers of big
otry, are they not the most fiercely bigoted
of any men we have? Preachers of love
and good will to men, do they not use more
forcibly than any other class the power of
words to wound and poison human sensi
bilities?"

From Orpheus C. Kerr—Habeas Corpus Suspended in Accomac.

The commander of the Mackerel Brigade
has caused the following general order, No.
79,902, to be published:
HEADQUARTERS MACKEREL BRIGADE,
September 25, 1863.

The desertion of some of the most light
headed of this brigade, makes it necessary
to suspend the privilege of the habeas cor
pus throughout the entire dominion of the
Accomac. Any person hereafter caught
having a body will be imprisoned, and no
questions asked. This is intended to apply
only to soldiers, military men, officers, citi
zens generally, and other persons. All
others, including women and whiskey, are
allowed to have as much body as ever, and
more too. The quiet of Paris demands
that every soldier, his heirs, executors and
assigns, as his widow, should go without
pay or rations until further notice, as the
Executive General of the brigade has been
very unlucky at faro of late, it is necessary
that he should be allowed to retain suffi
cient funds to get even. The enemy are
demoralized; once more into the breeches
and Sumpter and Chattanooga are ours.
Plans are forming to establish moral reform
societies in all Southern towns except
Richmond and Charleston. They don't
deserve them. My children, I love you
in a short, sharp, decisive style.

G. G. LEATHERJE,

Major General Commanding M. B.

Flirting.

The silliest thing a girl can do, is to en
gage in flirtation. No girl ever made a
happy union by flirting, because no man,
capable of making a woman perfectly hap
py, was ever long attracted by that which
is offensive to sensible and refined minds.
Flirtation in a woman, is equivalent to lib
ertinism in a man; it is, as a writer well re
marks, "the manifestation of the same loose
principle, only restrained by the usages of
the world from developing itself in a simi
lar way. The bare idea of this thought to
preserve thousands who perhaps fall into
the error through mere exuberance of spirits,
from exposing themselves to a suspicion at
which their natures must shrink.

Youth, beauty, or genuine accomplish
ments stand in no need of the mistaken
weapon of flirtation to achieve their high
est conquests; if they resort to it we may be
assured that there is a consciousness of want
of desire, or a vanity which must poison all
true enjoyment.

Let the young, the lovely, and the gifted,
therefore, adhere to that nature which has
made them what they are, and leave flirta
tion to those who fancy they cannot pro
voke attention without forcing themselves
by ill manners, into the unfeminine sit
uation of being conspicuous. The despairing
maiden who has courted marriage for years
without once being courted, the silly ordi
nary woman whoaped the graces without
success, and the ridiculous, affected, would
be accomplished, unsuspected of endow
ments, except in their own ideas—they may
try flirtation for effect—they can hardly
suffer from being a few degrees more con
temptible in sight of men who had hitherto
disregarded, and now openly laugh at and
despise them.

IF BALLOTS WERE BULLETS.—If ballots
were bullets, the recent elections render it
probable that the abolitionists would soon
and the war by subduing the rebellion.
None so valiant to vote as they! Look at
the gallant Puritans of Massachusetts!
Who can fail to admire the courage and
steadiness with which they march up to
the very mouth of the ballot-box, and
without quailing or bleaching, deposit their
vote for a vigorous prosecution of the war?
But those deluded individuals, the rebels
have learned to appreciate abolition patri
otism. They do not fear their ballots a par
ticle. Voting the Jacobin ticket is how
ever, an excellent way to display one's
loyalty, and one that involves no danger
to person whatever.—Holmes Co., Farmer.

"Prevention is better than cure," as the
pig said when it ran away with all its might
to escape the killing attentions of the
butcher.

To a Bride.

[The following letter was written by an

old friend to a young lady on the eve of
her Wedding Day.]
I have sent you a few flowers, to adorn
the dying moments of your single life.
They are the gentlest types of a delicate
and durable friendship. They spring up
by our sides when others have deserted it,
and they will be found watching over our
graves when those who should cherish
have forgotten us. It seems that a past, so
calm and pure as yours, should expire with
a kindred sweetness about it, that flowers
and music, kind friends and earnest words
should consecrate the hour when a senti
ment is passing into a sacrament.

The three great stages of our being are
the birth, the bridal, and the burial. To
the first we bring only weakness—for the
last we have nothing but dust! But here,
at the altar, where life joins life, the pair
coming throbbing up to the holy man,
whispering the deep promise that arms
each the other's heart, to help on in the
life struggle of care and duty. The beau
tiful will be there, borrowing new beauty
from the scene. The gay and the frivolous,
they and their floutings, will look solemn
for once. And youth will come, to gaze
on all its sacred thoughts past for, and age
will totter up to hear the old words repeated;
that to their own lives have given the charm.
Some will weep over it as if it were a tomb,
and some laugh over it as if it were a joke,
but two must stand by it, for it is fate, not
fun, this everlasting locking of their lives!

And now, can you, who have queened it
over so many bending forms, can you come
down at last to the frugal diet of a single
hilt. Hitherto you have been a clock,
giving your time to all the world. Now
you are a watch, paired in one particular
bosom, warning only his breast, marking
only his hours, and ticking only to the beat
of his heart—where time and feeling shall
be in unison, until these lower ties are lost
in that higher wedlock where all hearts
are united around the great Central Heart
of all.

Hoping that calm and sunshine may hal
low your clasped hands, I sink silently into
a slumber.

Well Put.

The New York News, in speaking of the
President's call for 300,000 more men, thus
dwells on the fatality of attempting to over
come the South by force:

The swelling of the Federal ranks to
whatever extent it may be possible to carry
it, does not coerce the inexorable fate.
They will trace the history of this war at
the dictation of a higher Power than that
which reigns at Washington. The despots
of ancient Asia, in their attempts to subdue
the Grecian states, invaded first with two
hundred thousand men, and afterwards
with a million, but it chanced that the more
formidable host was the most easily repelled
and the most thoroughly destroyed. Napo
leon was never so utterly discomfited as
when he had exerted his utmost influence
to bring all the military elements of France
into the field. The army that perished
amid the snows of Russia was the might
iest that ever marched under the imperial
eagles.

An Apt Illustration.

The Jeremiah S. Black, in a late speech
in Philadelphia, said:
"The people of Honduras live in a coun
try where the land is several feet below the
level of the sea. They protect themselves
against constant inundation by a large earth
work, which they call a dyke, extending all
along the coast. What they are most
troubled with is a large species of rat,
which burrows under and makes holes
through their dyke. Now, a rat hole is not
a very alarming thing in itself; but the
action of the water makes it larger every
moment. If it be neglected for a single
night, by the time the morning dawns the
rat hole has widened into a huge crevasse,
the ocean goes pouring through it, and the
whole land is laid under water. So it is
with the Constitution, which is our dyke.
If the smallest breach is once made in it,
"the ever-tolling wave of arbitrary power,"
which is continually surging up against it,
will constantly enlarge it, until all protec
tion for our rights is washed away. I tell
you, gentlemen, if you desire to save one
remnant of your liberties, you must watch
the rat holes in your Constitution.

WOULD THEY LIKE IT!—Suppose a Demo
cratic administration should demand from
New England that she furnish men and
money to prosecute a war for the purpose
of establishing and perpetuating slavery in
all the States and Territories.—Does any
one believe her loyalty to the government
would impel her to yield such support?
Mr. Lincoln and his Jacobin advisers have
no more right to demand of democrats a
cheerful and generous support of an avowed
abolition war. The pretence that such a
war is necessary to the success of our cause
is no more true in the one case than it
would be in the other.—Holmes Co., Far
mer.

Forty years once seemed a long and
weary pilgrimage to tread; it now seems
but a step. And yet along the way are
broken shrines, where a thousand hopes
have wasted to ashes; footprints sacred un
der the drifting dust; green mounds whose
grass is fresh with the watering tears,
shadows even we could not forget. We
will garner the sunshine of those years, and
chastened steps and reasonable hopes, push
on toward the evening whose signal lights
will be seen swinging where the waters are
still and storms never arise.

HEAVEN AND HOME.—The sweetest type
of Heaven is home—may Heaven itself be
the home for whose acquisition we are to
strive the most strongly.—Home, in one
form and another, is the great object of life.
It stands at the end of every day's labor,
and beckons us to its bosoms; and life would
be cheerless and meaningless, did we not
discern across the river that divides it from
the life beyond, glimpses of the pleasant
mansions prepared for us.

CURING PORK.—Rub the meat on the

flesh side with one quarter pound finely
pulverized saltpetre, and five pounds clar
ified sugar to every one hundred pounds of
pork; sprinkle the bottom of the cask, and
every layer of meat (flesh side up) with
Liverpool salt. In 24 hours pour on brine
made of Liverpool salt as strong as it will
dissolve. The casks should not be large
enough to cause the meat to be pressed so
much as to express the juice. When the
cask has been filled put about one pint of
charcoal in a tight, stout canvas sack tied
up in the top of cask and that will absorb
any impurities and keep the meat sweet and
good in any climate. I have thus kept pork
in considerable quantities for two summers
in New Orleans, and the brine was not
changed or boiled, and the meat did not
sour the least, but was highly praised by all
who saw or used it, and they all recom
mended my plan.

Sapping at the Foundations of our own

Commercial Fabric.

Before the war and the political suc
cess of the Abolition party, the South
ern States were dependent upon us for al
most everything in the way of merchandise
and manufactured wares, etc. The Nor
thern capitalists waxed rich, and pulled
down and built greater upon the monies
poured into their laps by the Southerners.
The continuance of this unnatural fratrici
dal war will put an end to this arm of our
wealth. The Abolitionists have built their
own wall of fire. They have cut off and
shut out our immense trade forever.—They
have made the South self-reliant upon her
own soil and people for her support.—Ham
ilton Telegraph.

A poor woman in England has been

sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment

for stealing a turnip to satisfy the pangs of
hunger. She had undergone five day's im
prisonment previous to the trial.

Judge Low, of St. Louis, has decided

that a paper published in the interest of a

religious sect is not a newspaper